

by General Conference, without heeding the action of the former sessions. We could not help these conditions and the foremost ones in making the changes were the loudest in their censure upon us. These are matters of the past, but the past is often valuable as a teacher; especially should it be with churches. But experience cannot be communicated or transferred. If it could, the Brethren Church would be \$5000 ahead here and much more other places. Myself and others who were in it paid for experience in the College affairs—more money than the church ever paid, and we turned the College over to the Brethren, and the church has not yet paid hardly half what it cost to build it. But I have digressed, and must return.

Bro. Harrison came here with more or less prejudice against myself in particular and the brethren of Ashland in general. But thank the Lord he is a man in the highest definition of the word. He examined for himself, and acted on his own information, and consistently; and his heart swells with gratitude when he has been favored.

Our trouble here at Ashland was on account of Christner. We opposed him and the reckless manner in which the money of the church was being wrongly applied, and the management of the College stood with him, and I then told the brethren here that I would no longer preach in the College under such circumstances, and thereafter meetings were held as Bro. Harrison stated. It is also true that brethren here did not co-operate with me in the work of the church, but they never were party in any trouble whatever before Christner tried to kill us off. It has been talked around that I ran things at Ashland, and to a degree I must confess the charge to be true, and there is only one explanation—things would not go if I had not done what I did. It is not straining the truth much when I say that there would be no College, no paper, no church organization, in Ashland had I not given all the product of a life of hardest toil and stinted living; in which my good wife and her folks have fully shared; and there would be no women preachers in the church had I not taken the devil of prejudice and cowardice by the throat. We used the Endeavor grant of 1887 and the laws of Ohio to do it. And here, let me stop to pay a tribute to the noble women, Mrs. Josiah Keim, as a party in honor. There were six in the board and two were opposed and four in favor, and Sister Keim was the balance of power. The opposition succeeded in overturning the incorporation, but the good work goes on, prejudice is killed, and there are now four or five women preachers and good pros-

pects for more, and SHE is doing a noble work for Christ under the banner and many souls are being saved.

It seems if we do not blow our own horn no one else will do it for us. The praises of men are generally bestowed upon frauds and fakes, but the prophet is not without honor except in his own country and among his own people.

The thing we greatly admire about Bro. Harrison, is, that he is not afraid to publicly express his gratitude, even though it might not be popular, and devotion to duty is above every other personal consideration. We therefore with the Brethren of Ashland greatly appreciate his "Farewell," and our sincere good wishes reach out after him and his estimable companion, and we wish them great and mighty conquests in the name of Christ in the new field he has chosen.

But little has been said about his work, and perhaps little will be said hereafter; but let it be known, that in the name of Gospel religion and divine truth, his ministry in Chicago is the greatest occurrence in the history of the Brethren cause. Dr. Dowie's work is of God, and he has shown himself a man of God in accepting believer's baptism when it was brought before his attention, against the wishes of friends and spirit of prevailing religion in the name of Christianity. It was a mighty victory. Our brother and sister lost a child more than all the world to them, but they found a greater and more wonderful Christ.

Good bye, Brother and Sister Harrison; God be with you till we meet again.

G.

#### TOM'S BATTLE.

"There isn't any use in trying to do good, mother," said Tom Winter, one Sabbath after-noon. "I've tried so hard this week, but it didn't do any good. I get angry so quick. I think every time I never will again; but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him in the right way. Remember how David went out to meet Goliath. Who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts. Now your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength he will defeat you; but if, like David, you go out in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Tom. Ask God to go with you and help you; and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him

down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Tom. "I'll try, but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until play-hour. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Tom of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned toward the accuser; but the angry words died on his lips. His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try, if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Tom, that night; "but my giant isn't dead, if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother, "but every victory makes you stronger and him weaker; and when the warfare is over, there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."—Selected.

#### A TRAVELER'S TESTIMONY.

Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, who has traveled around the world in her temperance work, says, of the use of alcohol in tropical climates, and the impression that travelers in foreign lands cannot safely drink the water:

"At fifty-five years of age, having passed most of my life in New England up to that date, and having been a total abstainer all my life, I first entered tropical lands. From then to the present time, seven years, I have been the greater part of the time in tropical climates—India, Burmah, Madagascar, the West coast of Africa from the Congo to Sierra Leone, and Brazil, are among the countries I have visited, and in each of which I have remained some months. It has always been safe not to touch anything alcoholic. I have never taken a drop, even as a medicine. Alcoholic drinks are especially deadly in hot climates. Everywhere I have found total abstainers less liable to fevers, bowel complaints, rheumatism and other diseases than those who use alcoholics even in moderation. In one town in India I remember an English couple were the only white persons exempt from malarial fever during a three years' residence, and they were the only abstainers in the place. Alcohol is a poison, and it acts quicker within the tropics than elsewhere."

True religion is free from affection—it prompts to the doing of things naturally.

It has been well said, "A chief art of the spiritual life is to do natural things spiritually, and spiritual things naturally."